



JANUARY, 1913

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Latin School **R E G I S T E R**

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXII, No. 4

JANUARY, 1913

ISSUED MONTHLY

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..... ASSISTANT EDITORS

.....CLASS II. EDITORS

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"HIRIN' A HOSS."

Camp life had become rather monotonous, and naturally we were very much pleased when one of our number came running up with welcome news. Pete Williams, however, who had been puffing away contentedly enough a minute before, hurriedly put his implements away, but soon resumed operations when he saw who the late arrivals were.

The welcome news came in the form of a large flaming poster. In short, a dance was to be held at a hotel six miles distant that very night. After we had

sufficiently recovered from our surprise and joy, we set to thinking. Twelve miles was certainly too long a walk, especially since we would be clad in our "glad rags." Therefore we must find some conveyance. On this point, another was raised. It was the last week of camp, and money was very scarce. To overcome this material objection necessitated quite a good deal of arguing, and in truth, in one or two cases physical force was absolutely necessary. At last, however, we got together the munifi-

cent sum of two dollars, and with this, I, delegated by the gods of chance, sallied forth, encouraged by a few scattered cheers, and the merciless chatter of "grouch" Smith.

As I strode along, a great idea suddenly burst upon me. I, being from the city, should find it very easy indeed to hire a horse and carriage cheap; and, since the whole burden of the expedition rested upon me, to me, also, belonged the spoils.

I reached the house and climbed a long flight of broken, wooden stairs. A broken down old man came in response to my knock, and my heart went out to him. Indeed, I almost faltered in my determination to make as hard a bargain as possible, but the thought of the other fellows lying at ease in the cool, sweet woods, drove all pity from my mind.

The old man blinked at me for a few moments after I had made my business known. It seemed to me that he smiled. At any rate, I must have impressed him.

He led the way in silence to the barn and pointed out the carriage to me. He didn't speak, but I could hardly blame him. You know how a fellow feels when he stands in the presence of an ancient relic once used by our ancestors? Well, the same feeling came over me.

"Gee," I exclaimed, "the old deacon's masterpiece never had anything on that."

I smiled a bit as I thought how it would bear the weight of our group. Then my guide conducted me to the horse's stall, still in silence. I couldn't blame him for that, either. As far as I could see, there was very little to say. After a few ineffectual gulps, I managed to inquire:

"How much will it be?"

The old man turned, and fixed his eyes upon me. I thought of the picture of a "rube" that I had seen on the cover of a magazine, and tried to make a comparison. Their clothes matched and there was a general air about both which was somewhat similar. The resemblance stopped there. There was a distinctiveness, a sort of sharp, catchy appearance about this one, that the other lacked entirely. I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of the old man's voice.

"What is your price?" he asked.

"Anything you say," I replied meekly.

"Then," said the old man with a slow, kindly smile, "suppose we make it two dollars, you to get and return the animal?"

Silently I agreed and, trudging homeward, "turned over the blind events in my mind." Truly, I thought, it is a strange world and then, ankle deep in the dusty, country road, I stopped, and, removing my hat, said aloud:—"Hats off to the Rube." —P. M. M., '13.

TEACHER:—"He gave them horses for a gift"; now, Smith, how do you translate "for a gift?"

SMITH:—"Dunno (Dono)."

TEACHER:—"Very good, Smith!"

Les cannibales — the cannon balls.

TEACHER:—"Young man 'quidem' means 'indeed'."

WELL-MEANING YOUTH:—"Indeed, sir?"

FRANKLIN PARK AVIARY AND ZOO.

The Franklin Park Zoological Gardens are just now the centre of interest for all. Many people who, under ordinary circumstances would probably not visit the park, now come there to see the birds and the bears. There are at the present time one hundred and eighty different kinds of birds in the Aviary: flamingoes, pelicans, cranes, geese, ducks, pheasants, storks, sea-gulls, and blue and crown pigeons. There is a dove-cote for the pigeons. The different kinds of ducks are the Sheldrake, the Pintail, the Wood, the Pochard, the Black, the Black Billed-Tree, the Red Billed-Tree, the Formosa Teal, the Blue-Winged Teal, the Shoveler, and the Red Head. Of the geese there are the Egyptian, the Cereopsis, the Bernicle, the Wild Canada, the Bar Headed, the Pink Footed, the White Fronted, the Snow, the Ross, the Maned, and the Blue. There are two black swans and one white one in the bird cage. Among the rare birds may be mentioned the Cereopsis, the geese from Australia, the Mandarin ducks from China, and the Wood ducks brought from Germany, having become extinct in the West, where they formerly were obtainable.

The women are greatly attracted by the birds, whose wonderfully brilliant plumage is again and again remarked upon, the silver pheasants and the lordly peacocks perhaps receiving the most attention. The water in which the birds disport themselves is changed daily. The birds are fed once a day, at four o'clock in the afternoon. They are given bread, fish, and grain. It is amusing to see how they gulp down the small herring on which they are fed. Later on, there will be placed on the outside of the bird cage, colored pictures of all the birds with their names, so that anybody can instantly pick out this or that bird. An idea

of the number of people viewing the bird-cage in a single week may be gained from the fact that there are from twelve to fifteen thousand visitors on Sunday alone, the people often standing four or five deep.

There will be about one hundred and sixty cages in the winter bird-house, now being built. This winter bird-house will have a glass roof. There will be inside and outside cages. A number of birds will be quartered here throughout the summer as well as in the winter. There will be terraces leading up to the bird-house. This winter house will indeed be a magnificent building when completed in February, 1913.

In the Round House, which is opposite the Franklin Park branch of the Public Library, there now are several small alligators, one tiger-cat, a mountain-rat, hawks, skunks, a parrot, a cock-a-too, a young deer, and some California quail. The flamingoes, the storks, and some other birds recently placed in the large bird-cage have been removed to the Round House, pending the completion of the new winter house. The cold weather coming on necessitates this removal.

Later on it is planned to build cages around the park, beginning with the Zoological Gardens and continuing along Seaver Street and Blue Hill Avenue. There will be eagle flying-cages, cages for the lions, the elephants, the leopards, the hyenas, the tigers, the snakes, in fact, almost every animal imaginable. There will be special monkey-houses. When the cages are all completed, they will require the services of at least fifty attendants. It will probably be ten years before everything is completed.

The Zoo contains fourteen bears; there are Russian, Polar, Cinnamon, Grizzly,

Brown, and Black bears. The bears eat carrots, bread, and apples, the Polar bears eating fish besides. In feeding the bears, the attendants stand on the wall of the cage, which they reach by a ladder, and throw down the apples and bread to the bears below. The bears' antics delight the children, who never tire of watching them. The bears take baths, box and play tag. Their shyness will soon wear off as they grow more accustomed to their future home. Steel spikes have been placed in the upright tree trunks to prevent the bears from escaping from their cages. The doors to the bear dens are controlled by pulleys. When the doors open, the bears are released, and bound into the large cage to stay there the entire day. The Bronx Zoo, now the largest in the country, will be eclipsed by the Franklin Park Zoological Gardens, when completed.

Curator John T. Benson is in charge of the Aviary and the Zoo. One attendant, in particular, Frank Meier, has had a long experience with all kinds of birds, fish, and snakes. About 30 years ago he brought over 2,000 English sparrows, the first in this country. He sold most of

them to the Canadian government. He says that if he had his way, they would all be killed off at once, for they are the greatest of nuisances. Many states now encourage the slaughter of these pests. It is a fact that they make excellent pies.

The sight-seeing automobiles, now being operated by the Park Department on Saturdays and Sundays, are a good thing. They charge only a nominal fare and the lecturer points out many interesting objects in the park.

The Aviary was stocked on July 24, 25, and 26, 1912. The Zoo was opened to the public on October 3, 1912, with a record-breaking crowd in attendance.

The Zoological Gardens and the new Aquarium in Marine Park owe their existence to the George Parkman Fund. Parkman's memory should be honored and cherished by all Bostonians, particularly by the boys and girls, for through the provisions of his will he has left them and succeeding generations a never failing source of amusement and delight. The Zoological Gardens will stand as a monument to his philanthropy and far-sightedness.

J. M. H., '14.

SUCCESS.

Success to the man who works and waits.

Success to the man who tries.

It comes to the man who fears not fate,

But plans and works till he dies.

Who sees beneath the surface of things,

And strives for the hidden good.

Who staggering on 'neath adversities
weight,

With a smile did the best he could.

He is the man whom the world will
note,

Though he in long obscurity toil,

Recognition will come and with it the
fruit

He has wrung from a stubborn soil.

—E. G. S., '14.

FOR NIPPON.

Ishi Hironari was just an ordinary Japanese soldier. He had fought at Muken at the Yalu.

He was willing to die for his country and he expected no reward. It was his duty to his country, his emperor, and his faith; for was not Mutsuhito a descendant of the Celestial One?

For weeks he had been before Port Arthur. He had seen fighting, plenty of it. Again and again he had gone into battle expecting death, had gone through fire and shell, had seen men falling on every side, only to come out unscathed. He seemed to bear a charmed life.

To-day he sat in one of the rude shrines erected in the camp; for surely shrines there must be lest the Gods (and they are many) should turn against them. He was not thinking of the imposing ritual or the chanting priests. His mind was far away in that little village near Kioto where he was born and his father still lived. The prayers of the priests seemed only to be the parting words of the old man as he had gone to Yeddo to join his regiment.

"My son, go and do thy best. Be brave and true to thy country and thy Emperor; and if perchance thou art slain, thy honor will rest upon our house. I am old and feeble and no longer fit for service, but my life is his, his and my country's."

Hironari could see the hamlet rise up in his memory; he could hear the songs of the Geisha girls at Kioto and the incense seemed the perfume of the cherry orchards to him. All seemed so very far away.

The priests were offering the simple sacrifice before the covered mirror and one held the sacred gohei as he prayed. The room was but dimly lighted, the air

heavy with incense. Hironari arose, made an inflection toward the altar, and silently withdrew. He could no longer stand the flood of memories that poured in upon his soul.

Days passed and yet Stoessel still clung with desperation to the shattered forts. Gen. Nogi was slowly but surely forcing him back at awful cost. Hironari fretted under a period of comparative quiet, for the regiment to which he belonged had been so decimated that it had ceased to exist.

He was standing before the little shelter he shared with three others, listening to the deep, incessant boom of the artillery. Darkness was slowly coming on and already the Russian search lights flashed like great tiger's eyes in the semi-twilight.

Suddenly he heard his name called and, looking up, saw Col. Tokugoma of the 68th.

"Hironari, there is going to be a fight to-night, and I am sure you want to join us. There are several vacancies that must be filled."

Hironari bowed; idleness was eating like rust at his vitals.

Col. Tokugoma continued: "I knew your father well back in Nippon, and before I left he said, 'Ismi, I have known thee since childhood. Ishi is going to the front to fight for Nippon and for the Emperor. If thou seest his courage weaken, strengthen him.'"

Hironari's voice was husky as he answered, "I will be ready," and he turned and entered the hut.

The night proved unusually dark, and the search lights flashed hither and thither sending the long rays far out over the fields. Col. Tokugoma and his party crept along silently in the shadow of an abandoned

trench. Every moment they expected those glaring lights to be turned upon them and they knew that would mean more than death—failure. Connonading had grown fiercer, louder, more hideous; rockets and bursting shells lit up the darkness. Over-head vast cloud banks rolled and tossed, and tumbled like watery billows.

Suddenly there was a rush of men, and the dreaded search light flared full upon the attacking party. The ensign of the Rising Sun wavered as the standard bearer fell beneath the shower of lead poured down upon them. Another seized it only to meet the same fate after carrying it but a few feet.

They were caught by a murderous cross-fire and the slaughter was fearful. Col. Tokugoma seized the bullet-riddled standard and dashed upward. A shot struck him and he went down.

The regiment was thrown into disorder by the death of its leader and the fall of its flag, for retreat was impossible. Suddenly a man sprang forward, and picked up the fallen ensign, and dashed upward. The glowing light was thrown full upon him. It was Ishi Hironari! For a moment he stood blinded by the strong light, then

turned and shouted, "On, my brothers! On! The spirits of our ancestors watch this night. On, for the glory of the Emperor!"

The men rushed up. Shot and shell mowed them down, yet still they kept on. The Rising Sun still held by Hironari trembled and wavered.

Overhead the moon had burst through the impressing clouds and was shining in all its silver splendor. The cannonading had almost ceased, both sides watching breathlessly the struggle on the slope. They had almost reached the top, when Hironari fell, shot through the lungs. Gasping and bleeding, he tried to rise but fell back. With an effort he thrust the flag-shaft into the blood-soaked earth and then sank back dead. The men rushed on over him to the summit and to victory.

The next morning, just as the sun was rising, they found him stiff and cold, by the battered ensign of the Rising Sun. There was no look of pain, or suffering, or fear upon his face. His lips were parted in a smile.

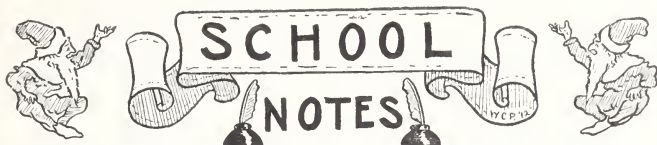
Ishi Hironari had died happy—he had given his life for his Emperor!

—F. H. A., '14.

Room papers seem to flourish this year. Rooms 9 and 13 have regular publications, and the "Clarion" appeared recently from Room 7. We wish that the *Register* might benefit by this talent. Jokes and mistranslations would be welcome, as we were obliged to omit our joke column this month owing to lack of material. Wake up, reporters, and also some of our readers who are not re-

porters. The *Register* box is located at the door of the Teacher's Room.

Several errors occurred in our account of the Thanksgiving-Day game. Hapgood, the umpire, is a Tufts man, not Brown, as stated in the account. We also wish to apologize for the omission of Casey's name, the left guard of English High.



SCHOOL NOTES

On the eve of our Christmas vacation, every Latin School boy should do some serious thinking. For thirteen long days, we can forget our books and recuperate after the strenuous work of the fall term. As Mr. Pennypacker has often reminded us, the Christmas vacation should be spent out in the open air. For nearly two weeks we can walk, skate, coast and run as much as we please, forgetful of everything save our own pleasure and the joy of being out in the open. Then, on the second day of January, we come back to our books, refreshed and strengthened by the long vacation. Here lies every boy's opportunity. If, perchance, our work thus far this year has not been all that should be desired, if we are weak in any study or studies, the Christmas vacation is our opportunity, and we can come back to school in 1913 ready to do our work in the best way we know how, so that when June comes there will be no doubt about the result. Let us make the most of these winter months while they last.

H. S. Ruggles, Associate Editor from Class III., Captain of the Hockey team, has left school to join the Massachusetts Nautical Training Ship, Ranger. We are sorry to see Ruggles go, as he has done good work on the *Register* thus far, and has been of great assistance to us. H. H. Silliman, a member of Class II., has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the staff, and will assist in a business capacity. Keiver has been appointed reporter for Room 3.

C. F. McCarthy, '15, has been elected Captain of the 1913 Football team. McCarthy's consistent work this year both as tackle and fullback easily stamped him as the man for the position. He has the best wishes of the whole school for success. He has figured prominently in one victory over English High, and naturally we want to see him do it again. The following boys were awarded sweaters, and letters in football by the Athletic Advisory Committee:— M. P. Bail, '13, Manager; M. V. Dullea, '13; O. F. Green, '13; E. A. O'Callaghan, '13; W. W. Webber, '13; J. H. Dolson, '14; W. P. Hardy, '14; T. R. Tarrant, Jr., '14; L. J. Cusick, '15; L. N. Walsh, '15; and W. H. Besarick, Jr., '16. The following were awarded letters, having already received sweaters in football, Captain T. D. Craven, '13; W. J. Boles, '13; M. H. Gersumky, '13; C. F. McCarthy, '15; and J. W. Saladine, Jr., '13.

J. P. Madden, of Class II., has been elected Captain of the Hockey Team in place of H. S. Ruggles, who has left school.

In the different All-Interscholastic combinations, selected by the Boston papers, most of the places were taken by out-of-town schools but, nevertheless, the City Champions could not be denied, and Boles, McCarthy, Craven, and Walsh found places on different combinations, and nearly every man on the team was mentioned as doing good work.

The list of reporters has been completed and they are as follows:—

- Room 1. Perine.
- Room 2. Coldwell.
- Room 3. Keiver.
- Room 4. Tarpley.
- Room 5. Bowen.
- Room 6. Fay.
- Room 7. Newman.
- Room 8. Alberts.
- Room 9. Buckley.
- Room 10. Packard.
- Room 11. Dunton.
- Room 12. Stuart.
- Room 13. McKee.
- Room 14. Laird.
- Room 15. Sherman.
- Room 16. Morse.
- Room 17. Cooks.
- Room 18. Gleason.
- Room 21. Denker.
- Room 22. Bailey.
- Room 23. Tullock.
- Room 24. McCarthy.
- Room 26. Tetlow.
- Room 27. Fisher.

The sanctum of the *Register* is now located in Room 25 instead of Room 18.

Beginning with this issue, the *Register* may be had for the rest of the year for 40c. It is hoped many boys will take advantage of this offer, as the issues, if bought separately, would cost 60c. Subscriptions should be handed to the Business Manager or your Room reporter.

ALUMNI

George H. Gifford, '09, Editor in Chief of the *Register* in '08-'09, has won the Rhodes scholarship from Massachusetts to Oxford University. Gifford is twenty years old, and is a senior at Harvard. He

stood at the head of his class while at Latin School, and has made a notable scholarship record at Harvard.

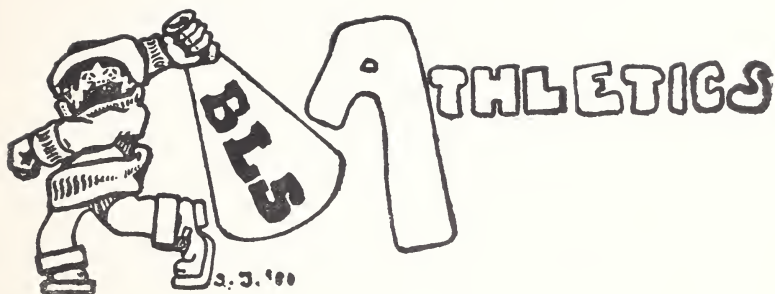
Among those recently elected to the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard are Thomas Coggeshall, '09, and Harold J. Rosatto, '09. G. H. Gifford, '09, was elected last year.

The Class of 1904 held its Class Reunion and Dinner at the American House, on Wednesday evening, November 27. The guests of the Class were Mr. Pennypacker and Mr. Henderson. Mr. Pennypacker predicted a victory over English High, in speaking of the football situation, and we all know how the prediction came true. The officers elected were John A. Moir, President; Frank W. Johnson, Vice President; and Dr. John A. Breen, Secretary.

N. L. MacKinnon, '12, Assistant Business Manager of last year's *Register* has been chosen Vice President of the Freshman Class at Boston University.

SWIMMING.

After the Christmas vacation, Captain Gersumky will issue a call for candidates for the swimming team. This sport was first introduced into the Latin School last year, with considerable success, one of our best triumphs, being a decisive victory over English High. Among our "human fish" who will be with us again are Boles, Gersumky, Dolson, and Adams. Captain Gersumky has our best wishes for another successful season. The Cabot Street baths will be used again this year.



Track.

The preparations for a most successful track season are under way. A large squad of Seniors, Intermediates, and Juniors are practising daily in the gymnasium under the direction of Captain Green and Coach O'Brien. Manager Tyler is arranging meets with Boston and out-of-town schools.

On Tuesday, December 3, a track meeting was held in the Assembly Hall. Coach Fred J. O'Brien gave a long talk to the boys, in which he emphasized the fact that we have beaten English High in two of the major sports, baseball and football, and it is now the track team's turn to complete a successful year with another victory. He pointed out the fact that track sport is different from the others, because it is possible for a little fellow to beat a bigger one, whereas in football, the little fellow would not have a chance. He said that every boy with a sound body, no matter how awkward he may be, can learn to run if he will train faithfully.

As is known to all, the climax of the indoor track season is the Big Regimental Meet held in the South Armory. Mr. O'Brien reminded the boys that the 5 points which a Junior gets for a first

place count just as much as the 5 points made by some "star" in the Senior Division. As a large representation is required in all divisions, Senior, Intermediate, and Junior, in order to win the meet, he urged the fellows in the Sixth, Fifth, and Fourth Classes to come out for track, not only for their own advantage but for that of the school in later years. He closed his speech by stating the possibility of letters being given to Juniors and Intermediates for their work.

The following veterans are back:— Captain Green, Saladine, Craven, Reiser, Bowers, Hamlin, Dunton, Hardy, and Laird. Most of the meets will take place in the Latin School Drill Hall. The Class meet is scheduled for January 10. Let this be a red-letter day for the School and let us give Captain Green a track team, which will be a credit to him and to the School.

The following is the schedule of Track meets for this year:—

January 10, 1913.....	Class Meet
January 31, 1913.....	Dorchester High
February 7, 1913.....	English High
February 21, 1913.....	Mechanic Arts
March 7, 1913—	Triangular meet with
	Cambridge Latin and Roxbury Latin.

—R. B. T., '13.

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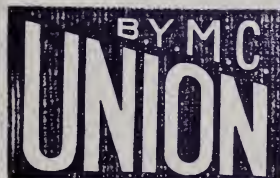
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